

Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,
But lady he is a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musically,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st thou haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Heere the Lady sings a welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then *Finsbury*:

Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,

A good mouth filling oath, and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,

To velvet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.

Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher
and the indentures be drawne, jle away within these 2. hours,
and so come in when ye will.

Exit.

Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, we
And then to horse immediately.

Mor. With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince of

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, th
Must haue some priuate confere
For we shall presently haue need
I know not whether God will ha
For some displeasing seruice I ha
That in his secret doome, out of
Hee le breed reuengement and a
But thou dost in the passages of l
Make me beleue, that thou art o
For the hot vengeance, and the r
To punish my misreadings. Te
Could such inordinate and low
Such poore, such bare, such lewd
Such barren pleasures, rude socie
As thou art matcht withall, and
Accompany the greatnes of thy l
And hold their leuell with thy Pr

Prin. So please your Maiestie,
Quit all offences with as cleare e
As well as I am doubtlesse I can p
Myselfe of many I am charg'd w
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As in reproofe of many tales deu
Which oft the eare of greatnes r
By smiling Pick-thankes, and ba
I may for some things true, where
Hath faulty wandred, and irregul
Find pardon on my true submissi

King. God pardon thee, yet le
At thy affections, which doe hol
Quite from the sight of all thy a
Thy place in Counsell thou hast
Which by thy yonger Brother is
And art almost an alien to the h